

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1951



WINTER.

BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A.

Lincoln

Academy Cream

Marie

Chocolate Elfin

Digestive
SWEET MEAL

Ginger Nut

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and Prosperous New Year from

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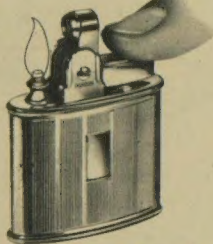
Ronson Whirlwind—lights and stays alight in any weather. As shown 50/-. Leather covered 48/6. Also in satin finished chromium 43/6



... men in business

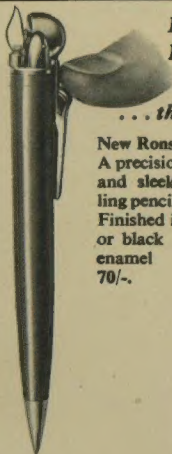
Ronson Rondelight, for study desk or business office. As shown 63/-. Other finishes from 52/6.

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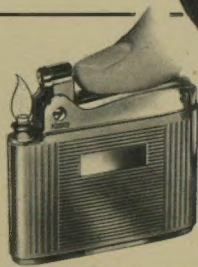
Ronson Standard, a favourite with everyone. As shown 45/-. Leather covered 43/6. Shagreen 55/-. Also in satin finished chromium 38/6.



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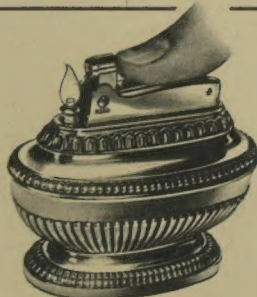
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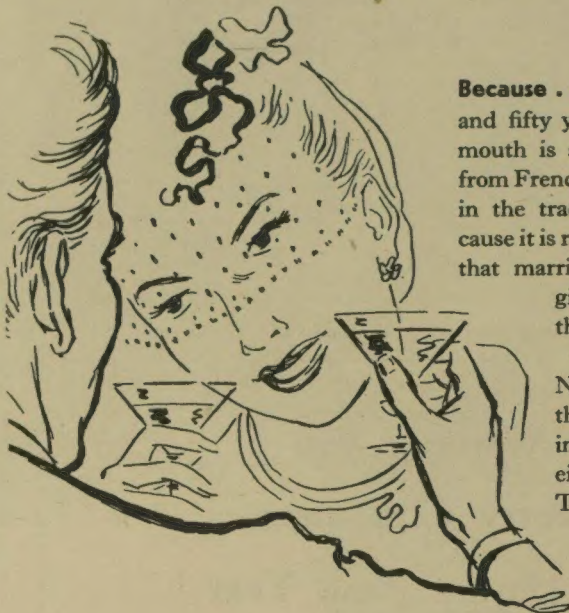


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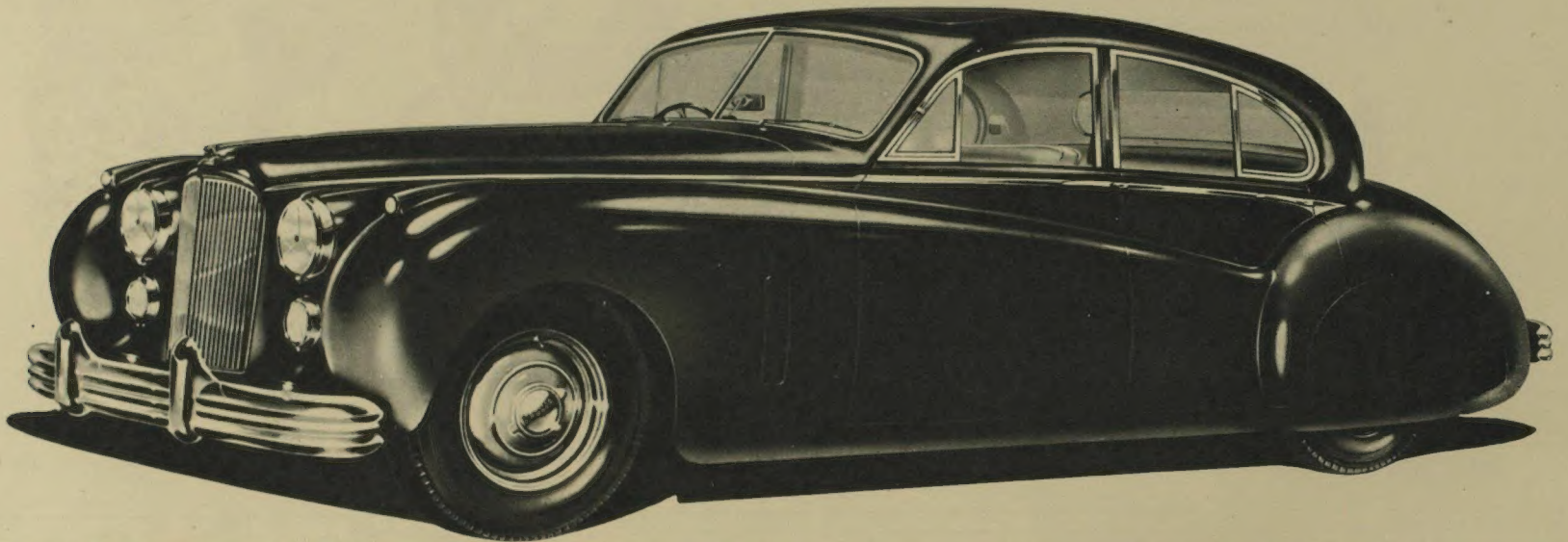
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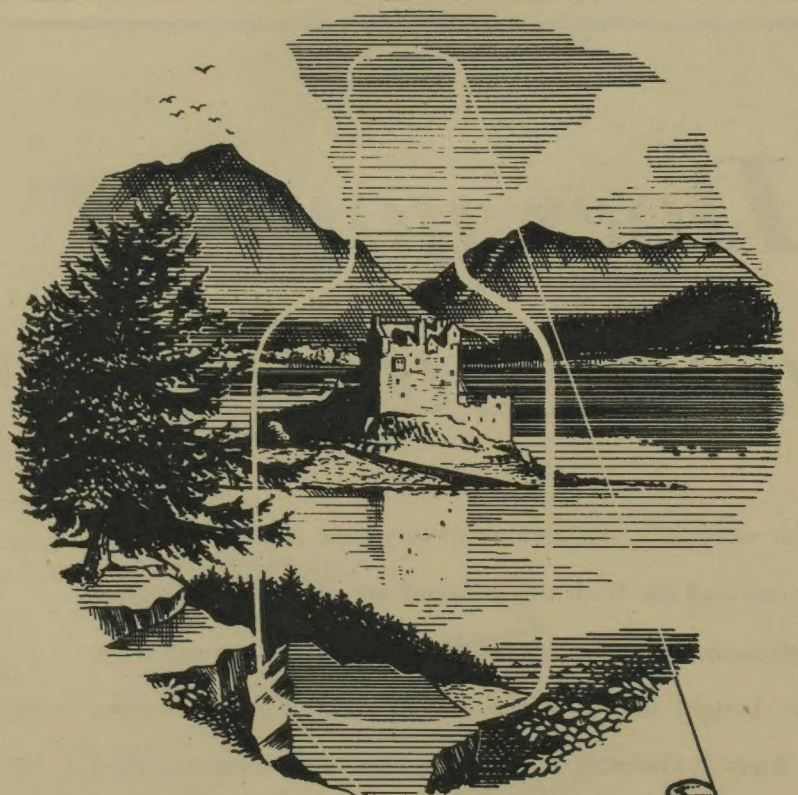
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★ The Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group, where the toughest Kraft paper is made, are on the left bank — the Kentish bank — of the River Medway. It is here in the Reed factory estate — and from this paper — that multi-wall sacks are produced by the million to meet the packaging needs of British industry. And it is here also that we have developed the most modern sack-filling machinery in the world.

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eliciarium Vel Scriptarum Vel Pictarum Index

Cover picture in colour, "WINTER," by Francis Wheatley, R.A.

PAGES IN COLOUR

"THE 18TH-CENTURY STAGE BEAUTY WHO MARRIED AN EARL: ELIZABETH FARREN (1759?-1829), AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF DERBY," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

"THE NATIVITY," by Gérard David.

"CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND." Four pages representing traditional customs of Yuletide—"St. Duff's Day," "Cutting the Twelfth Night Cake," "Wassailing the Apple Trees," and "The Kissing Bunch," by Muriel Broderick.

"SPORTS ON THE ICE," by Jacob Grimm.

"THE SNOWBOUND WORLD OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE." Two pages of wintry scenes by great painters. "Castle Büren, near Tiel," and "Skating on the Village Pond," by Jan van Goyen; and "Skating on Canals in the Netherlands," by Jacob Fouquier, and "Arctic Adventure," by A. Hondius.

"CHILDREN'S GAMES," by Pieter Brueghel the Elder. A double-page reproduction of a celebrated painting showing boys and girls at play in the sixteenth century. A key to some of the games represented is given in another part of the issue.

"THE SNOWBOUND WORLD OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE." Two pages of wintry scenes, the first by Old Masters, and the following one by a contemporary artist: "The Merry Dutch Skaters," by Jan Brueghel, and "The Flight into Egypt," by Joos de Momper; and "The Frozen Broad, Ludham," and "The Narrow Dyke, Winter," by Edward Seago.

"THE CHAMPION, 1882," by Ludovico Marchetti.

"CHRISTMAS GAIETY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO," two water-colours of Young Victorians of 1851: "A Box at the Opera," by Alfred Edouard Chalon, and "Fancy Dress for the Ball," by Louis-Eugène Lami.

"A CHRISTMAS REALITY," a 1951 Christmas Tree and its decorations. Colour photographs by Geoffrey Cory-Wright.

"A CHRISTMAS DREAM," a Christmas fantasy by Daphne Allen.

"UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE GODS": a fantasy of ancient and modern Egypt by the late Howard Carter, artist and archaeologist.

"THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY," a charming painting attributed to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

"QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN," a superb drawing by Hans Holbein the Elder.

"THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WHO BECAME ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST SOVEREIGNS: QUEEN ELIZABETH AS PRINCESS," a portrait by an unknown artist. (By gracious permission of H.M. the King.)

PHOTOGRAVURE ON SPECIAL PAPER

"CINDERELLA," a drawing by Jean-Honoré Fragonard.

"HEAD OF A RECLINING GIRL," by Jean-Baptiste Greuze.

"GLIMPSES OF PRE-REVOLUTION LONDON": Two pages of drawings of Cockney types between the Two World Wars, by Blampied.

SHORT STORIES

GEORGETTE HEYER contributes "A HUSBAND FOR FANNY," a romantic story of Regency days in England; illustrated by Jack Matthew. CHRISTOPHER BUSH contributes "THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY," a Ludovic Travers story in his best manner; illustrated by D. L. Wynne.

"THE MONKEY," by Ann Mary Fielding, illustrated by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A. An unusual tale, with a South African setting.

"THE LOOKING-GLASS," by Theodora Benson, illustrated by Victor Bertoglio.

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AN 18TH-CENTURY STAGE BEAUTY WHO MARRIED AN EARL: ELIZABETH FARREN (1759?-1829),
AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF DERBY, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (DETAIL.)

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Harkness Collection.



"THE NATIVITY"; BY GERARD DAVID (C. 1450-1523). A BEAUTIFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING, INSPIRED BY MEDIÆVAL PIETY AND SIMPLE FAITH.

This beautiful Flemish fifteenth-century painting of the Nativity in the Bache collection records the first Christmas Morning according to the Gospel of St. Luke, for the announcement of the Birth of Our Saviour made by the Angelic Host to the Shepherds is shown in the background. The artist has assigned to the ox and the ass the task given to them by the author of the Meditations on the Life of Christ (ascribed to Saint Bonaventura) in the following words: "And anon the ox and the ass, kneeling down, laid their mouths upon the manger, breathing through their noses upon the Child as if they knew by reason that in that cold time the Child so simply clothed had need to be heated in that manner."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A HUSBAND FOR FANNY

By GEORGETTE HEYER,

Author of "The Reluctant Widow," "The Grand Sophy,"
"Arabella," etc.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

"**H**IS attentions," said the widow, fixing a pair of large, rather anxious brown eyes on her cousin's face, "are becoming most marked, I assure you, Honoria!"

"Fiddle!" said Lady Pednor.

The widow, who had just raised a delicate cup to her lips, started, and spilled some of the morning chocolate into the saucer. A drop fell on her dress. She set the cup and saucer down, and began to rub the mark with her handkerchief, saying despairingly: "There! Only see what you have made me do! I dare say it will never come out!"

"Very likely it will not," agreed her hostess, in no way repentant. "You will be obliged to buy a new dress, and that, let me tell you, Clarissa, will be an excellent thing!"

"I cannot afford a new dress!" said the widow indignantly. "All very well for you, as rich as you are, to talk in that unfeeling way, but you know——"

"I am not rich," said Lady Pednor composedly, "but I can afford a new dress, because I do not squander every penny I possess upon my daughter."

Mrs. Wingham blushed, but replied with spirit: "You have no daughter!"

"What is more," continued her ladyship, unheeding, "I will accompany you to buy the dress, or I dare say you will choose just such another dowdy colour!"

"Purple-bloom, and very suitable!" said Mrs. Wingham defiantly.

"Extremely so—for dowagers!"

"I am a dowager."

"You are a goose," replied her cousin calmly. "It would be interesting to know what you spent on that spangled gauze gown Fanny wore at Almack's last night!" She paused, but Mrs. Wingham only looked guilty. "Pray, what is to be the end of all this extravagance, Clarissa? You will be ruined!"

"No, no! I have saved every penny I could spare ever since Fanny was a baby, just for this one season! If only I can see her creditably established, it will have been worth it! And although you may say 'fiddle!' if you choose to be so uncivil, it is true about Harleston! From the moment of your bringing him up to me at Almack's that night, I could see that he was instantly struck by my darling's beauty. And never can I be sufficiently obliged to you, Honoria!"

"If I had thought that you would be so foolish, my dear, I never would have presented him," said Lady Pednor. "Harleston and Fanny! Good God, he must be forty if he is a day! How old is she? Seventeen? You are out of your senses!"

The widow shook her head. "I don't wish her to be poor, and——" She broke off, and looked away from her cousin. "Or to marry a very young man. It doesn't endure, the sort of attachment one forms when one is young, and young men don't make comfortable husbands, Honoria. With such a man as Lord Harleston—in every way so exactly what one would desire for one's child!—she would be very happy and never know care, and—and the disagreeable effects of poverty!"

"My love," said Lady Pednor, "because your Mama made a bad bargain for you when she married you to Tom Wingham, is not to say that every young man must prove to be a monster of selfishness!"

"I was in love with Tom: it was not all Mama's doing!"

"I dare say. An excessively handsome creature, and he could be perfectly amiable, if events fell out according to his wishes."

"I have sometimes thought," said Mrs. Wingham wistfully, "that if only his Uncle Horsham had not married again and had a son, after all those years, and poor Tom had succeeded to the title, as he always expected to do, he would have been quite different!"

"Well, he would have had more money to fling away," said Lady Pednor dryly. "That might, of course, have made him more amiable."

"But that is exactly what I have been saying," said the widow eagerly. "It was the poverty that made him often so cross and so disobliging! Heaven knows I do not wish to say unkind things of Tom, but can you wonder at me for—yes, for *scheming*, like the most odious match-maker alive, to provide my Fanny with everything that will make her life all that mine was not?"

"I wish you will stop talking as though you were in your dotage!" said her ladyship irascibly. "Let me remind you that you are not yet thirty-seven years old! If you would not drape yourself in purple you might well pass for Fanny's sister! As for these precious schemes of yours, Fanny should rather be falling in love with an ineligible young man. In fact, I thought that that was what she had done. Didn't you tell me of some boy in the—th Foot?"

"No, no!" cried the widow. "At least, I did, but it was only a childish fancy. He has no expectations, and I am persuaded that it



"I am not rich," said Lady Pednor composedly, "but I can afford a new dress, because I do not squander every penny I possess upon my daughter."

was nothing more than the circumstance of his being a neighbour of ours in Buckinghamshire. Why, he cannot afford even to buy his promotion! And since I have brought Fanny to town, and she has met so many gentlemen of *far* greater address than Richard Kenton, I am persuaded she has forgotten all about him. Fanny marry into a Line regiment, pinching and scraping, living in garrison-towns, and——. No, a thousand times, no!"

"I dare say she would enjoy it very much," said Lady Pednor.

"I won't have it!" declared the widow. "Call me worldly, if you will, but only consider! What comparison can there be between Richard Kenton and the Marquis of Harleston? Mind, if Harleston were not the man he is, I would not for one moment countenance his suit. But have you ever, Honoria—tell me candidly—have you ever, I say, met any gentleman more likely to make a female happy? Setting aside his position and his wealth, where will you find such delightful manners, such engaging solicitude, and, oh, such smiling eyes? What could Fanny find in Richard to rival these attributes?"

"His youth," replied Lady Pednor, with a wry smile. "Indeed, I hope she may find a dozen things, for I tell you, Clarissa, if she is setting her cap at Harleston——"

"Never! I have not uttered a word to her on this subject, and to suppose that she could do anything so vulgar——"

"So much the better! Not, however, that she would be the first to do so, my love. No man has been more pursued than Harleston; no man has more frequently confounded expectation. They say that he suffered a severe disappointment in youth: be that as it may, it is certain that he has now no thought of marriage. If you had not buried yourself in the country these fifteen years, Clara, you would know that not even such a hardened matchmaker as Augusta Daventry would waste one moment's speculation on Harleston."

The widow began to pull on her gloves. "Very likely she might not. She has a bevy of daughters, but I fancy there is not one amongst them who would not be cast into the shade by my Fanny."

"That, I own, is true," said Lady Pednor fairly. "Fanny casts them all into the shade."

Mrs. Wingham turned quite pink. Her brown eyes sparkled through a sudden mist of tears. She said, in her pretty, imploring way: "Oh, Honoria, she *is* beautiful, is she not?"

"She *is* beautiful; her manners are engaging—and to suppose that you will catch Harleston for her is the greatest piece of nonsense ever I heard," said her ladyship.

II.

Since Lady Pednor's mansion was in Berkeley Square, and the furnished house, hired by Mrs. Wingham for the season at shocking cost, in Albemarle Street, the widow had not far to go to reach her own door when she parted from her cousin. Disregarding the solicitations of several chairmen, she stepped out briskly, one hand holding up her demitrain, the other plunged into a feather-muff. Her face, framed by the brim of a bonnet with a high crown and three curled ostrich plumes, still wore its faintly anxious expression, for her cousin's words had a little ruffled her spirits. Lady Pednor spoke with all the authority of

one who moved habitually in the circle Mrs. Wingham had re-entered only at the start of the season; and although her kind offices, as much as the Wingham connection (headed by the youthful Lord Harleston, whose birth had put an end to Tom Wingham's expectations), had thrust an almost forgotten widow and her lovely daughter into the heart of the *ton*, there could be no doubt that she was in a better position to pronounce on the Marquis of Harleston's probable intentions than one who had met him for the first time barely two months previously.

This reflection deepened the frown between Mrs. Wingham's brows. She had for some time been conscious of a depression on her spirits, which might, she thought, be due to fatigue, or to the prospect of losing the companionship of her child. Her morning visit had done nothing to lift the cloud. Not content with trying to damp her hopes of a brilliant marriage for Fanny, Lady Pednor had, most unnecessarily, recalled Richard Kenton to her mind.

Not that the thought of Richard disturbed her very much. There had certainly been some boy-and-girl nonsense between him and Fanny, but both had behaved very well. Indeed, Richard seemed to realise that he could not support a wife on a lieutenant's pay; and he had manfully agreed with Mrs. Wingham that it would be wrong to permit Fanny to enter upon an engagement until she had seen rather more of the world. Nor had Fanny raised more than a faint demur at her Mama's plans for a London Season. She had always been a biddable daughter, and if she had a will of her own it did not find expression in tantrums or odd humours. Launched into Society, she behaved just as she ought, neither losing her head at so much unaccustomed gaiety, nor grieving her Mama by appearing not to enjoy herself. She had many admirers, but not quite as many suitors, her want of fortune making her an ineligible choice for those who looked for more than birth and beauty in a bride. Mrs. Wingham had foreseen that this would be so. She had been hopeful of achieving a good match for her; not until Lord Harleston had shown how strongly he was attracted towards Albemarle Street had she dreamed of a brilliant one. But his lordship, upon first setting eyes on Fanny, had requested Lady Pednor to present him to Fanny's mama, and, during that evening, at Almack's Assembly Rooms, when he had civilly devoted himself to Mrs. Wingham, conversing with her while Fanny went down a country dance with young Mr. Bute, she had known that he was the very man who could be depended on to make Fanny happy. When Fanny had joined them, he had solicited her to dance; later, he had called in Albemarle Street, and had begged Mrs. Wingham to bring her daughter to a party of his contriving at Vauxhall Gardens. Since that day they had seemed always to be in his company; and if Mrs. Wingham had at first doubted the serious nature of his intentions, such doubts were banished by a morning visit from his sister, a gentle lady who certainly called at her brother's desire, and who not only treated the widow with distinguishing kindness, but complimented her on Fanny's beauty, saying, with a smile: "My brother has told me, ma'am, that you have a very lovely daughter."

Lady Pednor had not known *that* when she tried to depress her cousin's hopes, reflected Mrs. Wingham, mounting the steps to her own front door.

Fanny was going on a picnic expedition to Richmond Park, but her hostess's carriage had not yet arrived in Albemarle Street. Mrs. Wingham found her trying to decide whether to wear a green spencer over her muslin dress, or a shawl of Norwich silk. Mrs. Wingham thought that the spencer would be the more suitable wear, and enquired who was to be of the party. Fanny, tying a straw bonnet over her dark curls, replied: "I don't know, Mama, but there are to be two carriages, besides Mr. Whitby's curricule, and Eliza said that most of the other gentlemen would ride, so that it must be quite a large party. I think it was very obliging of Mrs. Stratton to have invited me, don't you?"

Mrs. Wingham agreed to it, but added: "I hope you will be home in good time, dearest, for I should like you to rest before our own party. And I think you should wear the figured lace. I will lend you my pearls."

"And I think you will wear the pearls yourself, and on no account that horrid turban, which makes you look like some dreadful dowager, and not in the least like my own, pretty Mama!" retorted Fanny, bestowing a butterfly's kiss on the widow's cheek. She then turned away and began to hunt for a pair of gloves. "We sent out a great many cards, didn't we?" she said. "I quite forget how many guests are coming?"

"About fifty," said Mrs. Wingham, with a touch of pride.

"Gracious, it will be a regular squeeze! I suppose, all our particular friends? The Shanklins, and the Yeovils, and Lord Harleston?"

This was airily said. Mrs. Wingham, unable to see her daughter's face, replied calmly: "Oh, yes!"

"Of course!" Fanny said, considering the rival claims of one pair of silk mittens, and one pair of French kid gloves. "Mama?"

"My love?"

"Mama, do you—do you like Lord Harleston?" Fanny asked shyly.

Whatever ambitious schemes Mrs. Wingham had in mind, she would have relinquished them all rather than have encouraged her unspoiled daughter to share them. She replied, therefore, in a cool tone: "Why, yes, very much! Do you?"

A glowing face was turned towards her. "Oh, Mama, *indeed* I do! I think him quite the nicest person we have met in London. One could tell him almost anything, and be sure that he would understand just how it was," Fanny said impulsively. She bestowed a brief hug upon the widow. "Dearest Mama, I am so *glad* you like him!"

Mrs. Wingham, returning the embrace, felt tears—thankful tears—sting her eyelids, but was spared the necessity of answering by a scratch on the door, which heralded the entrance of the page-boy, come to inform Miss Wingham that Mrs. Stratton's barouche awaited her.

III.

Fanny did not return from her picnic in time to indulge in rest, but she was in her best looks that evening. Several persons commented on her radiance; and Lord Harleston, obliging his hostess to recruit her energies with a glass of champagne, said, with his attractive smile: "You are to be congratulated, ma'am! I do not know when I have seen so engaging a creature as your daughter. Such a bloom of health. Such frank, open manners! I think, too, that she has a disposition that matches her face."

"Indeed, my lord, she is the dearest girl!" Mrs. Wingham said, blushing with gratification and raising her eyes to his. "I do think—but I might be partial—that she is very pretty. She favours her Papa, you know."

"Does she?" said his lordship, seating himself beside her on the sofa. "I own that it is her Mama I perceive in her countenance."

"Oh, no!" the widow assured him earnestly. "My husband was an excessively handsome man."

He bowed. "Indeed? I think I had not the pleasure of the late Mr. Wingham's acquaintance. He would certainly be proud of his daughter, were he alive to-day." His eyes had been resting on Fanny, as she chatted, not many paces distant, to a gentleman with very high points to his shirt-collar, but he brought them back to Mrs. Wingham's face, adding: "And also of her Mama! It is seldom that one discovers a well-informed mind behind a lovely face, ma'am; and Fanny has told me that she owes her education to you."

"Why, yes!" admitted Mrs. Wingham frankly. "It has not been within my power to provide Fanny with the governesses and the professors I should have desired for her. If you do not find her deficient in attainments, I think myself complimented indeed!"

"May I say that I believe no governess or professor could have achieved so admirable a result?"

"You are too flattering, my lord!" was all she could find to say, and that in faltering accents.

"No, I never flatter," he responded, taking the empty glass from her hand. "I perceive that we are about to be interrupted by Lady Luton. I have something of a very particular nature to say to you, but this is neither the time nor the occasion for it. May I beg of you to indulge me with the favour of a private interview with you, at whatever time may be most agreeable to you?"

Such a tumult of emotion swelled in the widow's breast that she could scarcely find voice enough to utter the words: "Whenever you wish, my lord! I shall be happy to receive you!"

He rose, as Lady Luton surged down upon them. "Then, shall we say, at three o'clock to-morrow?"

She inclined her head; he bowed and moved away; and a moment later she had the felicity of seeing his tall, well-knit frame beside Fanny. Fanny was looking up at him, with her sweet smile, and putting out her hand, which he took in his and held for an instant, while he addressed some quizzing remark to her that made her laugh and blush. A queer little pang shot through the widow, seeing them on such comfortable terms. She reflected that her absorption in Fanny had made her stupidly jealous, and resolutely turned her attention to Lady Luton.

IV.

Having ascertained that her daughter had no engagement on the following afternoon, Mrs. Wingham was surprised, when she returned from a shopping expedition in Bond Street, to find that only one cover had been laid for a luncheon of cold meat and fruit. She enquired of the butler, hired, like the house, for the Season, whether Miss Fanny had gone out with her maid.

"No, madam, with a military gentleman."

These fell words caused the widow to feel so strong a presentiment of disaster that she turned pale, and repeated numbly: "A military gentleman!"

"A Mr. Kenton, madam. Miss Fanny appeared to be well-acquainted with him. *Extremely* well-acquainted with him, if I may say so, madam!"

Making a creditable effort to maintain her composure, Mrs. Wingham said: "Oh, Mr. Kenton is an old friend! I had no notion he was in town. He and Miss Fanny went out together, I think you said?"

"Yes, madam, in a hackney carriage. I understand, to the City, Mr. Kenton desiring the coachman to set them down at the Temple."

This very respectable address did nothing to soothe Mrs. Wingham's agitated nerves. The whole locality, from Temple Bar to St. Paul's Cathedral, appeared to her to be sinister in the extreme. Amongst the thoughts which jostled one another in her head, the most prominent were Fleet Marriages, Doctors' Commons and Special Licences. She was obliged to sit down, for her knees were trembling. Her butler then proffered a tray on which lay a note, twisted into a little cocked-hat.

It was scribbled in pencil, and it was brief.

DEAREST MAMA,—Forgive me, but I have gone with Richard. You shall know it all, but I have no time now. Pray do not be vexed with me! I am so happy I am sure you cannot be.

Mrs. Wingham became aware that she was being asked if she would partake of luncheon or wait for Miss Fanny, and heard her own voice replying with surprising calm: "I don't think Miss Fanny will be home to luncheon."

She then drew her chair to the table and managed to swallow a few mouthfuls of chicken, and to sip a glass of wine. A period of quiet reflection, if it did not lighten her heart, at least assuaged the worst of her fears. She could not believe that either Fanny or Richard would for a

moment contemplate the impropriety of a clandestine marriage. But that the sight of Richard had revived all Fanny's tenderness for him she could not, in the face of Fanny's note, doubt. What to do she could not think, and in a state of wretched indecision presently went up to her bedroom. After removing her hat, setting a becoming lace-cap on her head and tying it under her chin, there seemed to be nothing to do but to await further news of the truants, so she went to sit in the drawing-room, and tried to occupy herself with her needle.

Fortunately, she had not long to wait. Shortly after two o'clock an impetuous step on the stair smote her listening ears, and Fanny herself came into the room, out of breath, her cheeks in a glow, and her eyes sparkling. "Mama? Oh, Mama, Mama, it is *true*, and you *will* give your consent now, won't you?"

She came running across the room as she spoke and cast herself at her mother's feet, flinging her arms round her, and seeming not to know whether to laugh or cry. Behind her Mr. Kenton, very smart in his regimentals, shut the door, and remained at a little distance, as though doubtful of his reception. He was a well-set-up young man, with a pleasant countenance and an air of considerable resolution. At the moment, however, he was looking a trifle anxious, and he seemed to find his neckcloth rather too tight.

Mrs. Wingham stared down into the radiant face upturned to hers. A dozen objections died on her lips. She said, with a wavering smile:

"Yes, Fanny. If you are quite, quite sure, I suppose I must consent!"

Her daughter's lips were pressed to her cheek, Mr. Kenton's to her hand. Seated amongst the ruins of her ambition, with that weight of depression upon her heart, she said: "And Lord Harleston is coming to visit me at three o'clock!"

"Lord Harleston!" exclaimed Fanny. "Oh, will you tell him, Mama, that I am going to marry Richard? I should have wished to have told him myself, but the thing is that Richard has leave of absence only for one day, and he must rejoin the regiment immediately. Mama, if I take Maria with me, may I go with him to the coach office?" Pray, Mama!"

"Yes—oh, yes!" said Mrs. Wingham. "I will tell Lord Harleston!"

V.

Thus it was that when one of the biggest but most unobtainable prizes on the Matrimonial Mart was ushered into Mrs. Wingham's drawing-room



"Mama, we have such news for you! Richard's godmother has died!" interrupted Fanny ecstatically. "And she has left Richard a great deal of money, so that he *can* support a wife after all!"

"Fanny, my dear, pray——!" remonstrated Mrs. Wingham. "I don't know what you are talking about! How do you do, Richard? I am very glad to see you. Are you on furlough?"

"Mama, we have such news for you! Richard's godmother has died!" interrupted Fanny ecstatically. "And she has left Richard a great deal of money, so that he *can* support a wife after all! He came to tell me at once, and I went with him to the lawyer, and it is *true*!"

Mrs. Wingham turned her bewildered eyes towards Mr. Kenton. He said bluntly: "No, it is not a great deal of money, ma'am, but it will enable me to buy my exchange, for you must know that I have been offered the chance of a company in the —th, only I never thought I should be able—. However, I can *now* afford the purchase-money, and once I am in the —th, I hope I shan't be obliged to wait upon the chance of Boney's escaping a second time, and starting another kick-up, for my promotion. And I thought, if you would give your consent to our marriage, I would settle what will be left of the legacy on Fanny. It won't be a fortune, but—but it will be *something*!"

"Mama, you will consent?" Fanny said imploringly. "You said I must see something of the world before I made up my mind, but I have now seen a great deal of the world, and I haven't met anyone I like better than Richard, and I know I never shall. And although it is very amusing to lead a fashionable life, and, *indeed*, I have enjoyed all the parties, I would much prefer to follow the drum with Richard! You *will* consent?"

he found the widow alone and sunk in melancholy. The depression, of which she had been conscious for so many weeks, threatened now to overcome her, and was in no way alleviated by her inability to decide which of the various evils confronting her was at the root of her strong desire to indulge in a hearty bout of tears. The years of economy had been wasted; yet she could not regret the weeks spent in London. Her maternal ambition was utterly dashed; but when she saw the happiness in Fanny's face she could not be sorry. She must soon lose the daughter on whom her every thought had been centred for years; but if by the lifting of a finger she could have kept Fanny, she would have held her hands tightly folded in her lap, as they were when the Marquess walked into the room.

He paused upon the threshold. The one glance she permitted herself to cast at his face showed her that there was an arrested expression in his eyes, a look of swift concern. The pain she was about to inflict on him most poignantly affected her; for a startling moment she found herself blaming Fanny for having wounded one of whom she was all unworthy. She was unable to sustain his steady regard; her eyes fell to the contemplation of the little gold tassels on his Hessian boots. They moved, swinging jauntily as he came towards her. "Mrs. Wingham! Something has occurred to distress you? May I know what it is? If there is anything I may do——?"

He was bending solicitously over her, one shapely hand lifting one of hers, and holding it in a sustaining clasp. She said disjointedly: "Yes—"

no! It is nothing, my lord! I beg you will not—! Indeed, it is nothing!"

She drew her hand away as she spoke. He said: "Shall I leave you? I have come, I believe, at an unfortunate time. Tell me what you wish! I would not for the world add to your distress!"

"Oh, no! Do not go! This interview ought not to be—must not be—postponed!"

He looked intently at her, as much anxiety in his eyes as there was in hers. "I came—I believe you must know for what purpose."

She bowed her head. "I do know. I wish—oh, how deeply I wish that you had not come!"

"You wish that I had not come!"

"Because it is useless!" said the widow tragically. "I can give you no hope, my lord!"

There was a moment's silence. He was looking at once astonished and chagrined, but, after a pause, he said quietly: "Forgive me! But when I spoke to you last night I was encouraged to think that you would not be averse from hearing me! You have said that you guessed the object of my visit—am I a coxcomb to imagine that my suit was not then disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she uttered, raising her swimming eyes to his face. "I should have been most happy—I may say that I most sincerely desired it! But all is now changed! I can only beg of you to say no more!"

"You desired it! In heaven's name, what can possibly have occurred to alter this?" he exclaimed. Trying for a lighter note, he said: "Has someone traduced my character to you? Or is it that—"

"Oh, no; how could anyone—? My lord, I must tell you that there is Another Man! When I agreed last night to receive you to-day, I did not know—that is, I thought—" Her voice became suspended; she was obliged to wipe teardrops from her face.

He had stiffened. Another silence fell, broken only by the widow's unhappy sniffs into her handkerchief. At last he said, in a constrained tone: "I collect—a prior attachment, ma'am?"

She nodded; a sob shook her. He said gently: "I will say no more. Pray do not cry, ma'am! You have been very frank, and I thank you for it. Will you accept my best wishes for your future happiness, and believe that—"

"Happiness!" she interrupted. "I am sure I am the wretchedest creature alive! You are all kindness, my lord: no one could be more sensible than I am of the exquisite forbearance you have shown me! You have every right to blame me for having encouraged you to suppose that your suit might be successful." Again her voice failed.

"I have no blame for you at all, ma'am. Let us say no more! I will take my leave of you, but before I go will you permit me to discharge an obligation? I may not have the opportunity of speaking to you alone again. It concerns Fanny."

"Fanny?" she repeated. "An obligation?"

He smiled with a slight effort. "Why, yes, ma'am! I had hoped to have won the right to speak to you on this subject. Well—I have not won that right, and you may deem it an impertinence that I should still venture, but since Fanny has honoured me with her confidence, and I promised her that I would do what I might, perhaps you will forgive me, and hear me with patience?"

She looked wonderingly at him. "Of course! That is—What can you possibly mean, my lord?"

"She is, I collect, deeply attached to a young man whom she has known since her childhood. She has told me that you are opposed to the match, ma'am. Perhaps there exists some reason beyond his want of fortune to render his suit ineligible, but if it is not so—if your dislike of it arises only from a very natural desire that Fanny should contract some more brilliant alliance—may I beg of you, with all the earnestness at my command, not to stand between her and what may be her future happiness? Believe me, I do not speak without experience! In my youth I was the victim of such an ambition. I shall not say that one does not recover from an early disappointment—indeed, you know that I at least have done so!—but I am most sincerely fond of Fanny, and I would do much to save her from what I suffered! I have some little influence: I should be glad to exert it in this young man's favour."

The damp handkerchief had dropped from the widow's clutch to the floor; she sat gazing up at his lordship with so odd an expression in her face that he added quickly: "You find it strange that Fanny should have confided in me. Do not be hurt by it! I believe it is often the case that a girl will more easily give her confidence to her father than to a most beloved mother. When she spoke, it was in the belief that I might become—But I will say no more on that head!"

The widow found her voice at last. "My lord," she said, "do I—do I understand that you are desirous of becoming Fanny's father?"

"That is not quite as I should phrase it, perhaps," he said, with a wry smile.

"Not," asked the widow anxiously, "not—you are quite sure?—Fanny's husband?"

He looked thunderstruck. "Fanny's husband?" he echoed. "I? Good God, no! Why—Is it possible that you can have supposed—?"

"I have never fainted in all my life," stated Mrs. Wingham, in an uncertain voice. "I very much fear, however—"

"No, no, this is no time for swoons!" he said, seizing her hands. "You cannot have thought that it was Fanny I loved! Yes, yes, I know what Fanny had been to you, but you cannot have been so absurd!"

"Yes, I was," averred the widow. "I could even be so absurd as not to have the remotest guess why I have felt so low ever since I met you, and thought you wished to marry her!"

He knelt beside her chair, still clasping her hands. "What a fool I was! But I thought my only hope of being in any way acceptable to you was to praise Fanny to you! And, indeed, she is a delightful girl! But all you have said to me to-day—you were not speaking of yourself?"

"Oh, no, no! Of Fanny! You see, she and Richard—"

"Never mind Fanny and Richard!" he interrupted. "Is it still useless for me to persist in my errand to you?"

"Quite ridiculous!" she said, clinging to his hands. "You have not the least need to persist in it! That is, if you do indeed wish to marry such a blind goose as I have been!"

His lordship disengaged his hands, but only that he might take her in his arms. "I wish it more than for anything else on this earth!" he assured her.

[THE END.]



He was bending solicitously over her, one shapely hand lifting one of hers, and holding it in a sustaining clasp. She said disjointedly: "Yes—no! It is nothing, my lord! I beg you will not—! Indeed, it is nothing!"



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND: "ST. DISTAFF'S DAY."

The day on which the women resumed the work of spinning after the Twelve Days' Festivities of Christmas was once popularly known as St. Distaff's Day. In mediæval times it was the occasion for much merriment and rustic sport and jollity. As the men were in no humour to return to work in the fields, their object was to prevent the women from resuming their household duties. They

set fire to the flax waiting to be spun, while the women retaliated by drenching their opponents with buckets of water, as described in the following lines: "Partly work and partly play, you must on St. Distaff's Day, If the maids a' spinning go, burn the flax and fire the tow, Bring in pails of water then, let the maids bewash the men, Give St. Distaff all the right then bid Xmas sport good-night."

From the drawing by Muriel Broderick.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND: "CUTTING THE TWELFTH NIGHT CAKE."

In the days when Christmas was kept in the "good, old-fashioned way," the Twelfth Night celebrations marked the last of the twelve days of feasting and jollification following the Festival itself. It was on Twelfth Night that some of the famous cake, in which was hidden a bean and a pea, was handed to every guest. The man and woman lucky enough to find these in their portions were

acclaimed respectively King of the Bean and Queen of the Pea, and presided over the revels which followed. By the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the cake itself was often made into elaborate and even fantastic shapes, such as ships and castles, with guns which could even be fired. As late as in the nineteenth century confectioners' shops were lit up on Twelfth Night to display cakes.

From the drawing by Muriel Broderick.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND: "WASSAILING THE APPLE-TREES."

Wassailing the Apple-trees was once popular in Devon, Somerset, Kent, and other fruit-growing districts, and it long survived in Somerset and Devon. It took place either on old Christmas Eve (January 5), on Old Twelfth Night, or on New Year's Eve. A bowl of cider or spiced ale was carried to the orchard, where the wassail was drunk, and the lees poured over the roots of the trees.

Horns were blown, kettles banged and guns fired to frighten away evil spirits, while a boy, representing a bird (the spirit of the tree), would climb into the branches and be fed with cake. A traditional song was sung, of which this is a variant, "Apples and pears with right good corn, Come in plenty to everyone, Eat and drink good cake and hot ale, Give Earth to drink and she'll not fail."

From the drawing by Muriel Broderick.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND: "THE KISSING BUNCH."

Before the introduction of the Christmas-tree into England in the nineteenth century, the Kissing Bough, or Bunch, was the chief feature of the festive decorations in many parts of England, particularly in Derbyshire, Cheshire, Cornwall and Northumberland. Made of wire hoops wreathed with foliage in the form of a sphere or half-sphere, it was hung with apples, ribbons and evergreens, the

traditional bunch of mistletoe, of course, occupying the centre. Candles were fixed round the middle hoop, and lit on Christmas Eve to mark the commencement of festivities, and on each succeeding night during the Twelve Days of Christmas. Carols were sung under the Kissing Bough, the Waits and Mummers gave their performance there, and, of course, kisses were claimed beneath it.

From the drawing by Muriel Broderick.

A MASTERPIECE OF FRENCH 18TH-CENTURY ART.



"CINDERELLA": BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806)

Lent by the owner, Baron Paul Hatzany, to the exhibition "French Master Drawings of the 18th Century" at the Matthiessen Gallery, 1950.

A FRENCH MASTER DRAWING OF THE 18TH CENTURY.



"HEAD OF A RECLINING GIRL": BY JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE (1725-1805).

Lent from a Private Collection in Paris to the exhibition "French Master Drawings of the 18th Century" at the Matthiessen Gallery, 1950.



He took a nut out of his pocket and put it between his teeth, letting the little creature pick it out fastidiously with its tiny, sensitive fingers. He gave Mary a nut and she did the same thing. It was a fascinating feeling to have the monkey's tiny hands fluttering against her lips as it felt for the nut.

THE MONKEY

By ANN MARY FIELDING,

Author of "The Mayfair Squatters" and "The Noxious Weed."

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A., R.B.A.

THE monkey was fastened by a short chain to the top of a 10-ft. pole. The native who owned it had fixed a box up there and a perch, and now it stared down at Mary with a look half-vindictive, half-inquisitive, in its round, grey eyes. The eyes had a strange independence: they seemed almost to be peering through a mask, so alien were they to the grey, shrivelled face. And to Mary, looking at them, they conveyed, in some way, a message, betrayed a secret which she felt she shared . . . a loneliness possibly, a restless discontent.

She said to the native boy beside her, in her hesitating kitchen kaffir, "How much do you want for the monkey?" and waited, with mounting excitement, for his reply.

He was a dusty, barbarous-looking boy, dressed only in a pair of dirty khaki shorts. Impudent, he chewed betel-nut whilst he considered his answer.

"Five shilling," he said at last.

From habit, she said, "Three shillings?"

"O.K.!" said the boy.

His dirt and his impudence mattered nothing to her at that moment. She knew that at all costs she must have the monkey. She knew suddenly, as her eyes met its eyes in that profound and revealing simian stare, that it was necessary to her—and that, in some extraordinary way, she was necessary to it.

And now, as she stood watching the boy swarm up the pole to unfasten it, her feelings were so intense that she was hardly conscious of the sun beating down, hot and devouring, on her bare head, or of the dust of the dirty compound, which the natives' feet had beaten into a dry, choking fog.

All round her, pressing so close that she could smell the sour smell of their bodies, the women stood watching the proceedings; piccanins, their black bellies so swollen as to seem to burst the fragile strings of beads which encircled them, crowded snuffing and chattering, sucking their fingers. The lads of the village, forgetting the respect due to a white woman in their midst, laughed and shouted in ugly, strident voices, chewed and spat out crimson streams of betel-nut on to the dust. She felt suddenly a little frightened and very much alone up here in the compound, where so often the old Dutchman, Paul Oesthuizen, for whom her husband worked, had warned her not to be. What was almost worse, she had left the baby alone with the native nanny up at their house—another of the things she had been constantly warned against. And all this for this folly, this whim, this irrational desire to possess the monkey, whose reception by her husband, and certainly by old Oesthuizen, she felt would be far from warm.

The native had unhooked the chain which bound it and now suddenly, conscious of its relative freedom, a sort of madness seized the monkey so that it began to spit and gibber, showing its teeth in swift, excited grins, half-angry, half-gay. She drew back involuntarily for a moment when the boy brought it to her.

"He no bite, Missis," the boy assured her. "He very tame monkey."

He took a nut out of his pocket and put it between his teeth, letting the little creature pick it out fastidiously with its tiny, sensitive

hands. He gave Mary a nut, and she did the same thing. It was a fascinating feeling to have the monkey's tiny hands fluttering against her lips as it felt for the nut. The group of natives round her laughed with abandon in their harsh, ugly voices. Then suddenly, conscious of them all, of the sore eyes and running noses of the children, of the gaping wounds in the boy's legs, she wanted to hurry home to her own baby, away from the dust and the dirt and the squalor of the compound. She paid the three shillings and took the monkey in her arms.

The pathway led downward from the compound. The brown, stunted trees and dry veld grass gave place, as she neared the farm, to acres of orange-trees irrigated by little tinkling streams. The dusty air became fragrant with the scent of the blossom and with the sweetness of the earth, moist and refreshed. Usually when she walked along this path the fragrant beauty of the groves, round which great, barbarous hills mounted in purple crags and heights, touched some deep emotion in her, recalled a memory, hurting and tormenting, of home and the English lanes, the briar and the meadowsweet in the hedges, the wild convolvulus flung as a final act of prodigality over a beauty which seemed already too lavish. But to-day, on account of the monkey, she did not see much of the path.

She walked holding it carefully as though it were something fragile—porcelain; half-excited, half-frightened, feeling, as she held it, that it gave almost all, but not quite all, of itself to her. The strength of its fine steel muscles fought all the time the smallest bit against her, and every now and then its small, sharp teeth flashed in a grimace she could not entirely interpret, then vanished, leaving the shrivelled face inscrutable. She thought then, a little uneasily, of showing it to Bill, her husband. He would just now be coming home from the mealie-land where he was working. Perhaps he would say that the monkey was dangerous, diseased. When she thought this, her hand closed in an unconscious gesture on the tiny leather strap which encircled its loins.

The house they lived in was a small, white cottage built of timber and baked mud (pole and daga was the native term for it). The ethereal baby-blue of a morning glory fell in a shower of fragile trumpets down the whitewashed walls. There were zinnias up against the netted-in veranda where, on a clean white blanket, her baby son played in his pen, and round the house someone had planted a wind-break of m'sasa-trees. Beyond, brilliant against the monotonous dun colour of the surrounding veld, an amandi flame-tree held its scarlet blossoms against the sky.

Bill was not yet back when she came home, but the baby gave a high-pitched chuckle of joy when he saw her; then, when he saw the monkey, his face became serious, intent. He was a quaint little tow-haired baby, at an age when he could just balance himself precariously in a standing position. His face wore an acute urchin look as if, though still bound to silence, he was yet able to enjoy the life around him, and now, as Mary rested the monkey on the balustrade of the veranda, he followed its fitful movements with his head, then stretched out his hand to take hold of the grey, twitching tail. Molly, the native nurse, came slowly from the back of the bungalow and stared at the monkey, shaking her head in mournful condemnation.

"No good, Missis," she said. "Monkey no good for baby."

She was a large, intensely black mammy, grown fat from the comparative comfort and indolence of her life. Cleaner than the average native, she wore a sky-blue dress and red-print apron and kerchief. Huge yellow beads hung round her neck, which the baby played with, and her ears were pierced with great brass rings.

She picked up the baby now and held him very close as though to protect him from some threatening danger, trying in vain to distract him from the monkey by jingling her yellow beads.

"No, Missis," she kept repeating, "monkey no good for the piccannin baas."

The baby stretched back and held out his hand, and the monkey gibbered at it. Hysterical at once, the native woman clutched him closer, giving little nervous squeals.

Mary said sharply, "Don't be silly, Molly! I shan't let it get at the baby. I shall tie it up."

She called the house-boy, who brought her a chain and fastened the monkey to the further end of the veranda. Then she took the baby into the house and sat down to wait for Bill.

It was nearly two o'clock before she saw him striding through the orange grove towards the house. She could hear his whistling a long time before she could see his face distinctly. She put the baby in his high chair and ran to meet him as she always did, holding him perhaps a little more warmly than was usual so as to get him in a good mood about the monkey.

"You're tired, darling," she said. "Let me get you a drink."

He said, "No, thanks. . . . If I drink in the morning I go to sleep. There's still a lot to be done. . . ." Then he looked round for the baby. "How's the Archbishop?" he said. The "Archbishop" had always been Bill's name for the baby ever since, stolid, red and newly-born, he had first glimpsed it lying beside Mary in the bed.

"He's fine," she said. "Go in and talk to him. He's waiting in his chair for you."

It was things like Bill's homecomings, these visits to the baby, which made her life out here, punctuated the days, which usually seemed endless. Their monotony would stimulate her mind to worry and alarm. Fears and doubts about the baby would assail her. There was so much sickness, danger from the sun, from the natives, from the water. And then there was the recurring loneliness which Bill's homecomings only held in abeyance and which waited always to devour her during the long periods in which the baby slept. But to-day she felt a new happiness as she played with him all the silly little peeping games which the baby liked, so that his chuckles echoed loudly through the house, bringing the ready laughter to Bill's lips. It was only when they went back to the veranda that she saw the anxiety lying like a threatening cloud behind his eyes.

She said, "Nothing wrong, is there, darling?"

It took him a long time to find a reply for her and when he did so it was merely a gesture, a mute, bewildered throwing-out of the hands as though he were caught up in some entanglement which he could not understand.

"Aren't you getting along with Oesthuizen?" she said.

He sat staring moodily, then suddenly it seemed that his passion rose up in him.

"How can you work with a man who never trusts you?" he said. "I work hard. I produce the goods—but all the time he's tormented by the thought that, being new to the country, I must be messing things up. If I laugh with a native I'm enticing his labour for some fell purpose of my own. If I go up to the lands in the evening to plan out work for the following day, he imagines I'm prowling, spying out the land! He's a man who's never put a peck of trust in man or beast. . . ."

She said wisely, "Remember, he's one of the old Boers. I've read a lot about them. They're all the same—hard, bigoted. They spend so much time fearing God that they forget to love Him—or their fellow-men." She came closer to Bill, taking his arm and rubbing her cheek happily against it. "I wouldn't be him with all his money," she said. "If you look in his eyes he's unhappy—lonely. He's shut himself away from the world. . . . I'd rather be us."

He pressed her very close; then he saw the monkey.

"What on earth's this?" he said, going up to it.

She said in a small voice, "I bought it, Bill—for three bob!"

He looked at it critically. "They're rotten with disease, so the natives tell me, and they're treacherous," he said. But in spite of himself he was fascinated by the monkey. He stood playing with it, laughing suddenly out loud as he coaxed it to open its tiny hand and let him tickle the ebony palm. The hand turned uppermost was beautiful, delicate—a dancer's hand. Yet the monkey seemed intent only on burlesque, on searching busily in Bill's ruffled hair, then examining some imaginary find between its fingers, then cocking its head sideways, humorously and catching Bill's eye. It made Bill laugh in a way he had not laughed for weeks.

But he said, as they retied the monkey to the end of the veranda, "This thing'll make old Oesthuizen see red! He's got the local phobia about monkeys—thinks they're even more poisonous and evil than human beings!"

"Let him!" said Mary tartly. "It's our affair—not his."

Paul Oesthuizen's reactions were even more violent than Bill had predicted. The buying of the animal seemed to him to sum up and symbolise all the unworded fears, mistrusts and suspicions which haunted his mind about these two young newcomers. He came up from his lonely house with Bill the next evening to discuss the reaping of the first mealies and saw the monkey tied to the end of the veranda, stretching its chain to its full extent so that it could get as close as possible to the

baby playing in his play-pen. Because of the intense heat the baby was naked except for a napkin, and as it bobbed from side to side, laughing when the monkey imitated it, its pink flesh, pathetically vulnerable, dimpled and creased like the petal of a flower. It was possible that the tough and leathery old Dutchman, who had spent the greater portion of his life alone, was still ill-adjusted to solitude; perhaps it was on account of this that he had turned bitter instead of sweet. His weather-beaten face, dark under the shadow of his huge felt hat, was lined by years of thinking the same thoughts, and now his eyes, which he fixed upon the monkey and the child, were hard with that protective hardness which is so often the shield of the loveless.

He said fiercely, "If you keep that thing, I'm finished with you! How often have I told you they're poison—treacherous? Get rid of it! Shoot it!"

Mary went up and took the monkey in her arms, holding it close to her; but all the time it struggled to be free, to get at the baby.

"It wants to kill that kid!" the old man said. "If it gets loose for a moment it'll tear him to pieces!"

"No, no!" said Mary. "It doesn't want to kill him—only to play with him."

The look of exasperation which she had seen before crossed the old man's face. Once when she had bought a lollipop for the cook's piccannin, once when Bill had rewarded the cattle-boy with cigarettes for helping in the night with a dying cow, always when she herself in her forgetfulness had run out into the sun without her hat. *Roinek!* was almost written in contempt across his dark, creased brow, and some of the deep-rooted, subconscious prejudices, born of old quarrels and old hatreds, had risen up in him and choked him again.

"You two'll never get into the ways of this country," he said. "It's a hard country—you have to be always on your guard—trust nobody, nothing!"

His disapproval, spoken so violently, conveyed to Mary, in spite of herself, a disquiet about the monkey. It rankled, too, up at the farm, finding expression in his taking things out of Bill so that he came home after that more slowly, forgetting to smile an answer to Mary's smile. Sometimes he even forgot his visit to the baby.

"You know, darling," he said at last, "I'm afraid we shall have to get rid of the monkey. I'm as fond of it as you are—but it just gets old Oesthuizen's goat. After all, I suppose this job comes first—and it's a damn good job. We'll never get better money."

All the time he spoke he scratched the monkey's head with his finger as though he felt it understood the plans for its expulsion and wanted to make some sort of amends. "Why don't you carry it up to the river and leave it there?" he said. "There are plenty of other monkeys along the river-bank. It'll soon settle down. . . . Anyway," he added, "I don't altogether like the way it looks at the Archbishop myself sometimes."

She took the monkey up to the river in the early morning. She carried it in her arms as she had carried it on the first morning she had brought it home. This time it lay very still, nestling foolishly against her, watching every movement of her eyes with its own, which still seemed to contain the elements of that secret thing they shared. Her path led past the mealie lands, where the tall, musty stalks rustled like dry bones, stretching their tasselled cobs far above her head. The mealie lands lay some distance from the orange grove. They were flung out wide, untidy and boundaryless as far as she could see, creating to her eyes, instead of a picture of richness and promise, a sad and monotonous scene of desolation. But to the monkey, who suddenly came alive, stretching out greedy hands to grab at the full cobs, they might have been the fields of Elysium. Her loneliness came back to her up here and, for the first time since the monkey had come to them, she felt the tears, scalding and hopeless, welling between her eyelids, falling down her cheeks. Still, "You will be happy here," she said, "and Bill will be less worried," as she unfastened the strap from its narrow loins and watched it scamper gaily out of sight among the mealies. The leather strap was so small it would scarcely fit her own wrist. She sat, when she got home, playing idly with it on the veranda chair, finding it almost impossible to believe it had enclosed the monkey's waist. The baby, seeing it in her hand, stretched out its own, looking at her mournfully with his great, clear eyes.

Bill sensed the gloom when he came home in the evening. He said, "So you got rid of the monkey? I shall miss it—but I'm sure it was the only thing to do. Especially as old Oesthuizen's coming in this evening. That animal seemed to be just the last straw as far as he was concerned. I've had the hell of a week with him!"

Mary had put the baby in his pen outside under the m'sasa-tree when the old man came up to the bungalow. He climbed painfully up the wooden steps and let himself cautiously into one of the wicker chairs, and Bill poured him a whisky. It seemed almost, when he heard that they had got rid of the monkey, that he found at last some pleasure in being there, some solace; that from their youth and happiness he allowed himself the luxury of drinking a measure of contentment. For the first time since they had worked for him he spoke quite openly and freely, recalling his old-man reminiscences, describing, as he had heard so often from his father, the struggles of his forbears who were the first pioneers, telling in his simple and graphic language the tale of the "Great Trek" which had brought his father up from the coast, of the beginnings of this farm when, with only one native, he had done the major part of the work with his own hands.

"And now I've got pretty well all I want," he said, letting his stern lips relax for a moment in a smile, though the shield which hid his eyes contradicted, to some extent, this statement.

It was a cool evening and the scent of the orange-trees came bitter-sweet up to their house, so that they sat still browsing in that contentment

GAY AND LUSTY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WINTER MERRIMENT.



"SPORTS ON THE ICE" ; BY JACOB GRIMMER (c. 1526-1590).

When winter comes to Holland the many waterways are transformed into fields of ice, on which the Dutch have always enjoyed speeding on skates and indulging in winter sports. In the sixteenth century both villagers and rich burghers joined in the fun, and their junketings have been recorded by many great painters of the Netherlands school. Jacob Grimmer, who lived and worked in Antwerp, has represented one of these jolly occasions, on which curling, skating, and other sports are in progress, while a child has been brought on a little sledge.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Eugene Slatter.



"CASTLE BÜREN, NEAR TIEL" ; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1666). SIGNED AND DATED 1634.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Percy B. Meyer.



"SKATING ON THE VILLAGE POND" ; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1666). SIGNED AND DATED 1623.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Colonel F. G. Glyn.



"SKATING ON CANALS IN THE NETHERLANDS" ; BY JACOB FOUQUIER (1580-90-1618-20).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.



"ARCTIC ADVENTURE" ; BY A. HONDIUS (c. 1630-1695).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.



HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAME OUT TO PLAY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: "CHILDREN'S GAMES", BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (c. 1530-1569).

This painting by Pieter Bruegel, the Elder, from the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, by whose courtesy we reproduce it, bridges a gulf of nearly 400 years between the present time and 1560, when it was painted, for the games the boys and girls are playing are identical with many enjoyed by modern children. For instance, leap-frog, bowling hoops, blind man's buff, shopkeeping, and knucklebones are among the pastimes our readers will readily identify, while on a later page they will find a key to the painting and a list of the games which the scores of children are playing.



"THE MERRY DUTCH SKATERS" ; BY JAN BRUEGHEL (1568-1625).

Reproduced by Courtesy of a private collector.



"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT" ; BY JOOS DE MOMPER (1564-1634).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.



"THE FROZEN BROAD, LUDHAM" ; BY EDWARD SEAGO (b. 1910).
Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell.



"THE NARROW DYKE, WINTER" ; BY EDWARD SEAGO (b. 1910).
Reproduced by Courtesy of Brigadier and Mrs. John D'Arcy Anderson.

A WINTERSPORTS QUEEN OF GREAT-GRANDMAMMA'S DAY.



"THE CHAMPION, 1882" ; BY LUDOVICO MARCHETTI.

Though great-grandmamma had never heard of ski-ing, she enjoyed skating in the crisp and frosty days of England's famous "old-fashioned winters." This contemporary painting shows her in her skating costume with a "short" skirt which daringly allowed two inches of ankle to be seen.

